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Professional & Business Cards

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MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Pioneer History.

MEMORIALS OF JACOB WARWICK AND MARY VANCE, HIS WIFE.

SECTION FIRST.

The compiler of these memorials, deeply impressed that something should be attempted to perpetuate the memory of these persons, has availed himself of such facilities as have been in reach. He is largely indebted to Messrs. John Warwick, Esq., Judge John W. Warwick and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, for the information from which these sketches are compiled.

These gentlemen are the grandsons of Jacob Warwick. Mrs. McLaughlin, a daughter of William Sharp, lived with Mrs. Warwick at intervals, as a friend and visitor in the family, and for whom Mrs. Warwick manifested special attachment.

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Lieutenant Warwick located and occupied the Dunmore property for his own use. He married a Miss Dunlap, near Middlebrook. Lieutenant Warwick was one of the English gentry whose families settled in Virginia in consequence of political reverses in England, and whose history is so graphically given in Thackeray's Virginians.

There were four children—Charles, Elizabeth, Jacob and John. After operating extensively in lands, and securing the Dunmore property in his own name, Lieut. Warwick concluded to visit England. In making arrangements for his absence, he sent Charles and Elizabeth to Williamsburg to be educated, while Jacob and John remained with their mother in Augusta county. Lieut. Warwick

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Upon reaching legal age, and coming into possession of his estate, Jacob Warwick was married, and settled at Dunmore. Just here let it be stated, that when it was decided that Lieut. Warwick was dead, the grandfather of David Bell, of Fishersville, Va., was appointed guardian of the children, Jacob and John.—William and James Bell were the sons of this guardian, and James Bell

was the father of Wm. A. Bell and David A. Bell, well remembered citizens of Augusta county.

Dunmore was Mr. Warwick's first home after his marriage. His wife was Miss Vance, daughter of Col. John Vance, of North Carolina. He died on Back Creek, at Mountain Grove, Bath county, Va. Colonel Vance's family moved to Ohio, except Samuel Vance, Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Hamilton. The last named was the mother of Rachel Terrell, of the Warm Springs, and Esq. John Hamilton of Bath County. Governor Vance, of Ohio, and Senator Zeb. Vance, of North Carolina, are of the same family connection. The Vances, originally, were from Opecquon, near Winchester, Virginia.

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Upon their return to Clover Lick the log cabins were deemed unfit for occupancy, and arrangements were made to build a spacious mansion.—Mr. Patrick Bruffey was employed to prepare the material. He began work in Mr. Warwick's absence.—Mrs. Warwick instructed Mr. Bruffey to hew the timbers so as to have a hall or passage, as it was then termed. He did so. When Mr. Warwick returned and found what had been done, he was not pleased with his wife's plans, and had the logs changed accordingly. Mr. Bruffey hewed the logs and dressed

have a hall or passage, as it was then termed. He did so. When Mr. Warwick returned and found what had been done, he was not pleased with his wife's plans, and had the logs changed accordingly. Mr. Bruffey hewed the logs and dressed the plank, but did not build the chimneys. Mr. Wooddell, near Green Bank, furnished the plank for sixty pounds, (nearly three hundred dollars.) The nails were forged by hand at the Warm Springs. Several mounds have been discovered near Clover Lick. In searching for material for the foundation of the large new house, the builders gathered some nice stones from a rock pile.—They found human remains, and when Mr. Warwick heard of it, he emphatically ordered the stones to be replaced, and told them not to molest anything that looked like a burial place. There are no traces of the Shawnee or Mingo Indians ever

They found human remains, and when Mr. Warwick heard of it, he emphatically ordered the stones to be replaced, and told them not to molest anything that looked like a burial place. There are no traces of the Shawnee or Mingo Indians ever wintering in the limits of this county. It seems to have been regarded by them as a summer resort for fish and game, and to escape the diseases peculiar to malarial regions east and west. Greenbrier Ben often spoke of the opening of a grave just in front of the Chapel, and from the superior quality of the articles found with the remains, all were of the opinion it was the tomb of a chief. Mr. Warwick directed it to be carefully closed, and the relics were not molested.

One of the main objects in having the new house so spacious, was that

it might be used for preaching services, and there was preaching there more frequently than anywhere else in this region, during a number of years. This historic mansion was finally removed to give place to the handsome residence reared by Dr. Ligon, and which was burned in 1884.

The main route for emigration from Maryland, Pennsylvania and other points north and northeast passed by Clover Lick to Kentucky and Ohio. As many as forty and fifty would be entertained over night. This made Clover Lick one of the most public and widely known places in the whole country. The approach from the east, avoided hollows and ravines, keeping along high points

ravines, keeping along high points and crests of ridges so as to be more secure from ambuscades and Indian attacks. The original way out from Clover Lick, going east, after crossing the Greenbrier, near the mouth of Clover creek, avoided Laurel run, kept along the high point leading down to the river, and passed close by the McCutchen residence. Mrs. Warwick had the first road cut out, up the Laurel Run, in order to bring the lumber for the new house from Mr. Wooddell's in the Pine Woods, now Green Bank and vicinity. She gave the enterprise her personal attention. Quite a number of interesting incidents are given by tradition, illustrating the character of Mrs. Warwick. While renting Clover Lick, her husband and others were making hay. A shower of

tention. Quite a number of interesting incidents are given by tradition, illustrating the character of Mrs. Warwick. While renting Clover Lick, her husband and others were making hay. A shower of rain came up very suddenly and dampened their guns and horse pistols. Late in the afternoon the men fired them off, so as to load them with fresh charges. Some one hearing the report of firearms in quick succession, brought word to Mrs. Warwick, at Dunmore, that the Indians were fighting the men at the Lick. She at once mounted a large, black stallion, put a colored boy on behind, and went at full speed and swam the swollen river in her effort to see what had happened. This colored boy was old "Ben," who died at Clover Lick, and is remembered by many of the older citizens.

colored boy was old "Ben," who died at Clover Lick, and is remembered by many of the older citizens. Upon another occasion, when the Shawnees were returning from one of their raids to the east, forty or fifty of their warriors were sent by Clover Lick with the intention, it is believed, to pillage and burn. A scout from Millboro warned Mr. Warwick of their movements. With about twenty others he waited for them in ambush on the mountain crest, south of Clover Lick. The fire was very effective and every man killed or wounded his victim. The Indians in their surprise hastily retreated and were pursued as far as Elk Water in Randolph county.—Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended by servants, carrying provisions for

Elk Water in Randolph county.—Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended by servants, carrying provisions for them. She met them at the Big Spring on their return, and the weary, hungry party were greatly refreshed by her thoughtful preparations. She was eminently pious, and was a member of the Windy Cove Presbyterian Church. She never felt herself more honored than when ministers would visit her home and preach. The visiting minister would receive a nice horse, or something else as valuable, as a token of appreciation. She was conscientiously rigid in her domestic discipline.—Her brother once made this remark: "Mary, I used to think you were too strict with you family, and you have been blamed for it. I see now, you

rigid in her domestic discipline.—Her brother once made this remark: "Mary, I used to think you were too strict with you family, and you have been blamed for it. I see now, you were right. You have not a child but would kneel in the dust before you, to obey you. I let my children have more liberties, and they do not care near so much for me."

The Rev. Aretas Loomis came from Beverly, for a time, every four weeks, and preached at the Warwick residence. She was highly emotional, and during the services often appeared very happy. As to her personal appearance, she was tall, slender and blue-eyed, hair slightly tinged with auburn, and when in health, lithe and agile in her carriage. So she was distinguished for symmetry of person, beauty of figure and force of character, all of which

tional, and during the services often appeared very happy. As to her personal appearance, she was tall, slender and blue-eyed, hair slightly tinged with auburn, and when in health, lithe and agile in her carriage. So she was distinguished for symmetry of person, beauty of figure and force of character, all of which she retained even to an advanced age. She was very benevolent, and her kind deeds were done upon the principle of not telling the left hand know what the right might be doing. Persons in her employ would always be over-paid. Polly Brown, whose lot it was to support her blind mother, received two bushels of corn every two weeks, and no one knew where the supply came from at the time. A person named Charley Collins, who was renowned as an ——— and whose name is given

principle of not telling the left hand know what the right might be doing. Persons in her employ would always be over-paid. Polly Brown, whose lot it was to support her blind mother, received two bushels of corn every two weeks, and no one knew where the supply came from at the time. A person named Charley Collins, who was renowned as an ——— and whose name is given to one of the meadows of Clover Lick, did a great deal of clearing.—It was reported that he was but poorly paid, but before Mrs. Warwick was done with him, his family was doubly paid by the substantial gifts dispensed by her open hand.—Among her many other generous deeds, it is told how a rather worthless character, disabled by frozen feet, was received into her house,

clothed and fed until he could walk. His name was Bosier. Mrs. McLaughlin remembers seeing this person crawling up the steps, sitting by the door or reclining under the dining table while preaching services were held. This man afterwards died from the effects of a burning tree falling on him, against which he had made a fire, while on his way from the Big Spring to Mace's in Mingo Flats. George See, a grandson of Mrs. Warwick, heard his cries and came to him. In his efforts to rescue him, he exerted himself so laboriously that he was never well afterwards.

It should be remembered, too, that Mrs. Warwick in her old age, gathered the first Sabbath School ever taught in Pocahontas. In the summer her servants would lift her on

ered the first Sabbath School ever taught in Pocahontas. In the summer her servants would lift her on her horse, and she would then ride about four miles to a school-house, near where the Josiah Friel cabin stood, now in the possession of Giles Sharp. The exercises would begin at about nine o'clock. There was no prayer, no singing, but she would read the Bible, talk a great deal and give good advice. The scholars would read their Bibles with her.—The exercises would close at two in the afternoon. After this continuous session of five hours, Mrs. Warwick would be so exhausted as to require assistance to arise and mount her horse. It was her custon to go to Wm. Sharp's, dine and rest awhile, and then go home late in the day.—To use the language of her scholars now living, "Oh, she would give such good advice. If all would do

would be so exhausted as to require assistance to arise and mount her horse. It was her custon to go to Wm. Sharp's, dine and rest awhile, and then go home late in the day.— To use the language of her scholars now living, "Oh, she would give such good advice. If all would do as she told them, how well it might have been. She was the best woman to raise girls I ever saw, if they would take her advice how to act, and how to do. She has talked to me for hours, and it was often thrown up to me that old Mrs. Warwick made me proud because I tried to do as she advised me." Among her scholars were Mrs. Mary Gibson, on Elk, Mrs. William Moore and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, who were daughters of her friend, Mrs. William Sharp.

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The school was mainly made up of Josiah Brown's family, John Sharp's, William Sharp's and Jeremiah Friel's.

The lamented Methodist preacher, Rev. James E. Moore, once belonged to her Sabbath School, and received from her his earliest religious instructions. By common consent it is agreed that he did more for his church than any two ministers who have ever preached in this region.

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tions. By common consent it is agreed that he did more for his church than any two ministers who have ever preached in this region.

Not a great while before her death, during one of Mr. Loomis' ministerial visits, she received the communion. Upon receiving the elements, her emotions became so great that her husband and children, fearing results, carried her to her own room. For four weeks she was helpless from nervous prostration. All her children from Bath and Pocahontas were sent for. She died at the ripe age of eighty years, in 1823, at Clover Lick, and there she was buried.—There were no services of any kind in connection with her burial.

Several years since the writer was shown her grave, on the green hillside, facing the morning sun. The only thing, marking the spot at that

age of eighty years, in 1823, at Clover Lick, and there she was buried.—There were no services of any kind in connection with her burial.

Several years since the writer was shown her grave, on the green hillside, facing the morning sun. The only thing, marking the spot at that time, was a peach tree, that had spontaneously grown at the head of her grave. Some day, not far removed, it is hoped, her many worthy descendants may honor her memory by something becoming the name of one so worthy of everlasting remembrance. Her blood flows in the veins of the Warwicks, Sees, Gatewoods, Camerons, Poages, Beards, Matthews, Moffats, McClungs, Ligons, McClintics and Prices, in the counties of Randolph, Bath, Rockbridge and Pocahontas. As one stands near the lonely grave where

gons, McClintics and Prices, in the counties of Randolph, Bath, Rockbridge and Pocahontas. As one stands near the lonely grave where Mary Warwick so sweetly rests, the pathetic silence seems broken by these words from Whittier's Triumph:

"O living friends who love me!
O dear ones above me!
Careless of other fame
I leave you my name."

(*To be continued.*)

So much of the enjoyment of life lies in easy, careless conversation that it would be absurd to wish that men should never give utterance to an idea without consideration.—Moralists must not ask too much of mankind or they will get nothing at all. In our moments of relaxation, after having acted a serious part for many hours, and spoken only in guarded and chosen terms, nothing can be more delightful than to give way to a gush of heedless prattle

mankind or they will get nothing at all. In our moments of relaxation, after having acted a serious part for many hours, and spoken only in guarded and chosen terms, nothing can be more delightful than to give way to a gush of heedless prattle with the friends around us, flying from one idea to another, like the bee from flower to flower, lightly touching this, carelessy pressing that, here a little satire, there a little pathos, sometimes a witticism, and, over all, the light laugh that speaks the mind at ease with itself. Who would wish to see a precise, pedantic exactness introduced into converse such as this.

In order to secure a long life and green old age, bodily vigor should be sustained by regular, systematic exercise, avoiding all sudden strain and prolonged exertion. Especially is this true of running, lifting, climbing, etc. And labor, while desirable in moderation, should never be prolonged till it produces exhaustion.

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Nothing shall be Indifferent to us which Advances the Cause of Truth and Morality, or which Concerns the Welfare of the Community in which we Live.

VOLUME XXVI. LEWISBURG, WEST VIRGINIA, THURSDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 1, 1891. NUMBER 18.

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A. A. PRESTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LEWISBURG, W. VA. Practice in the Courts of Greenbrier and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts at Staunton. Jan13-1y.

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We keep FLOUR, BOLTED or UNBOLTED MEAL, SHORTS, SALT, &c., and at all times are ready to buy your wheat. E. F. DAVIS. Lewisburg, I pay cash for wheat. JAMES WILKES.

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C. HEINEFETTER, LEWISBURG, W. VA.,

DEALER IN [illegible]

Lewisburg Barber Shop and Restaurant

POETRY.

A MODEL SUBSCRIBER.

BY WILL CARLETON.

"Good-morning, Mr. Editor, how are the folks to-day?
I owe you for next year's paper—I thought I'd pay;
And Jessie is going to take it, and this is his money—a dollar," him and then passed him to try it a year.

And here's a few little items that happened round town to-day;
I thought that I took good for the paper, and so I just jotted them down.
And here is a basket of peaches and with picked expressly for you,
And a small bunch of flowers from Jessie—she thought she must send something, too.

You're doing the politics bully, as all of one family agree;
Just keep your old paper—it's a dandy', and give them one for me.
And now you are chock full of business, and won't be talkin' your time;
I've things of my own I must tend to—Good-day, sir; I believe I will climb."

The editor sat in his sanctum, and pondered the while he sat with a thump:
"God bless that old farmer," he muttered, "he is a regular jolly old trump."
And his face with its cordial confession, and it's a shame to print such a face as his,
There are some who appreciate its labor, and some who perhaps never will.

But in the great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound,
And they who have labored and rested shall come from the quivering ground,
When they who have striven and suffered to teach and comfort the race,
Shall march to the head of the column, each one in his God-given place,
As they march through the gates of the city, with proud and victorious tread,
The editor and his assistants will travel not far from the head.

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Dunmore was Mr. Warwick's first home after his marriage. His wife was Miss Vance, daughter of Col. John Vance, of North Carolina. He died on Jack Creek, at Mountain Grove, Bath county, Va. Colonel Vance's family moved to Ohio, except General Vance, Mrs. Warwick and Mrs. Hamilton. The last named was the mother of Rachel Terrell, of the Warm Springs, and Eng. John Hamilton of Bath County. Governor Vance, of Ohio, and Senator Zeb. Vance, of North Carolina, are of the same family connection. The Vances, originally, were from Copenhagen, near Winchester, Virginia.

In business trips to Richmond, to sell horses or cattle, Mr. Warwick formed the acquaintance of Daniel Warwick, a commission merchant, who attended to business for Mr. Warwick, and thus became mutually interested and were able to trace a common ancestry. This merchant is an ancestor of Senator John W. Daniel, the renowned eulogist of Lee and Davis. Mr. Warwick removed at Dunmore a number of years. His children were all born there. He was industriously and successfully occupied in accumulating lands, and managing immense herds of cattle and droves of horses. His possessions on Jackson's river were purchased from a certain Alexander Hall, of North Carolina.—Mr. Hall moved from the Byrd place to Judge Warwick's. One of his sons, being charged with horse theft, the penalty being death by hanging, escaped to Bath. The elder Hall came to Dunmore to see Mr. Warwick, and proposed to sell this land to provide means to send his refugee son to Kentucky so as to elude arrest. Mr. Warwick had sent out one hundred head of cattle to be wintered in the same broken. This herd was taken by Hall as part payment for the Jackson river lands.—The cattle rated at eight pounds a head, (about forty dollars.) The Clover Lick property was rented from the Lewises. The accounts from Kentucky were so flattering that Mr. Warwick decided to settle there. He actually set out for the purpose of locating and securing a place for a new home. The persons in advance of the party with which he was going were slain by Indians near Sewell Mountain. When Mr. Warwick and those with him came up they saw their slain friends, all scalped. They turned home. Mrs. Warwick thereupon became so unwilling to emigrate from her Pocahontas home, that her husband concluded to exchange his Kentucky possessions with one Alexander Dunlap for a portion of the Clover Lick lands. The Dunlap patent called for four hundred acres, the actual survey made six hundred.—There was a suit between Lewis and Dunlap about this possession. When matters as to these lands became satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Warwick moved to Clover Lick, and lived in a row of cabins. After a few years, he and Mrs. Warwick thought it might be better for their children to live on the Jackson river estate.—They moved to Bath, and resumed there until the marriage of their son Andrew.

Upon their return to Clover Lick the log cabins were deemed unfit for occupancy, and arrangements were made to build a spacious mansion.—Mr. Patrick Broffey was employed to prepare the material. He began work in Mr. Warwick's absence.—Mrs. Warwick instructed Mr. Broffey to hew the timbers so as to have a hall or passage, as it was then termed. He did so. When Mr. Warwick returned and found what had been done, he was not pleased with his wife's plans, and had the logs changed accordingly. Mr. Broffey hewed the logs and dressed the plank, but did not build the chimneys. Mr. Woodduff, near Green Bank, furnished the plank for sixty pounds, (nearly three hundred dollars.) The nails were forged by hand at the Warm Springs. Several acrewals have been discovered near Clover Lick. In searching for material for the foundation of the large new house, the builders gathered some nice stones from a rock pile.—They found human remains, and when Mr. Warwick heard of it, he emphatically ordered the stones to be removed, and told them not to disturb anything that looked like a burial place. There are no traces of the Shawnee or Mingo Indians ever wintering in the limits of this county. It seems to have been regarded by them as a common resort for fish and game, and to escape the Shawnees pursuit to mutual regions cast and west. Greenbrier free offers spoke of the opening of a grave just in front of the Chapel, and from the superior quality of the articles found with the remains, all were of the opinion it was the tomb of a chief. Mr. Warwick directed it to be carefully closed, and the rules were not disturbed.

One of the main objects in having the new house so spacious, was that it might be used for preaching services, and there was preaching there more frequently than anywhere else in this region, during a number of years. This historic mansion was finally removed to give place to the handsome residence owned by Ex. Ligon, and which was burned in 1884.

The main route for emigration from Maryland, Pennsylvania and other points westward, northwest and through Clover Lick to Kentucky and Ohio. As many as forty and fifty would be entertained over night. This made Clover Lick one of the most public and widely known places in the whole country. The approach from the east, winded hollows and ravines, keeping along high points and crests of ridges so as to be more secure from ambuscades and Indian attacks. The original way out from Clover Lick, going east, after crossing the Greenbrier, near the mouth of Clover creek, winded Lewis' mountain

believed, to pillage and burn. A scout from Millboro warned Mr. Warwick of their movements. With about twenty others he waited for them in ambush on the mountain crest, south of Clover Lick. The fire was very effective and every man killed or wounded his victim. The Indians in their surprise hastily retreated and were pursued as far as Elk Water in Randolph county.—Upon hearing of the result, Mrs. Warwick at once followed her husband and friends, and was attended by servants, carrying provisions for them. She met them at the Big Spring on their return, and the

live on the Jackson river estate.—They moved to Bath, and remained there until the marriage of their son Andrew.

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wintering in the limits of this county. It seems to have been regarded by them as a summer resort for fish and game, and to escape the diseases peculiar to malarial regions east and west. Greenbrier Ben often spoke of the opening of a grave just in front of the Chapel, and from the superior quality of the articles found with the remains, all were of the opinion it was the tomb of a chief. Mr. Warwick directed it to be carefully closed, and the relics were not molested.

One of the main objects in having the new house so spacious, was that

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congregation. For a long while it was managed by the Messrs. Sloan. In the hands of Stephen Porter it was finally lost through financial embarassments.

Upon reaching legal age, and coming into possession of his estate, Jacob Warwick was married, and settled at Dunmore. Just here let it be stated, that when it was decided that Lieut. Warwick was dead, the grandfather of David Bell, of Fishersville, Va., was appointed guardian of the children, Jacob and John.—William and James Bell were the sons of this guardian, and James Bell

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son of Mrs. Warwick, heard his cries and came to him. In his efforts to rescue him, he exerted himself so laboriously that he was never well afterwards.

It should be remembered, too, that Mrs. Warwick in her old age, gathered the first Sabbath School ever taught in Pocahontas. In the summer her servants would lift her on her horse, and she would then ride about four miles to a school-house, near where the Josiah Friel cabin stood, now in the possession of Giles Sharp. The exercises would begin

made me proud because I tried to do as she advised me." Among her scholars were Mrs. Mary Gibson, on Elk, Mrs. William Moore and Mrs. Elizabeth McLaughlin, who were daughters of her friend, Mrs. William Sharp.

The school was mainly made up of Josiah Brown's family, John Sharp's, William Sharp's and Jeremiah Friel's.

The lamented Methodist preacher, Rev. James E. Moore, once belonged to her Sabbath School, and received from her his earliest religious instructions. By common consent it is agreed that he did more for his church than any two ministers who have ever preached in this region.

that her husband and children, fearing results, carried her to her own room. For four weeks she was helpless from nervous prostration. All her children from Bath and Pocahontas were sent for. She died at the ripe age of eighty years, in 1823, at Clover Lick, and there she was buried.—There were no services of any kind in connection with her burial.

Several years since the writer was shown her grave, on the green hillside, facing the morning sun. The only thing, marking the spot at that time, was a peach tree, that had spontaneously grown at the head of her grave. Some day, not far removed, it is hoped, her many worthy descendants may honor her memory by something becoming the name of

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only thing, marking the spot at that time, was a peach tree, that had spontaneously grown at the head of her grave. Some day, not far removed, it is hoped, her many worthy descendants may honor her memory by something becoming the name of one so worthy of everlasting remembrance. Her blood flows in the veins of the Warwicks, Sees, Gatewoods, Camerons, Poages, Beards, Matthews, Moffats, McClungs, Ligons, McClintics and Prices, in the counties of Randolph, Bath, Rockbridge and Pocahontas. As one stands near the lonely grave where Mary Warwick so sweetly rests, the pathetic silence seems broken by these words from Whittier's

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VOLUME XXVI.

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Such as angels know!

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Pioneer History.

MEMORIALS OF JACOB WARWICK AND MARY VANCE, HIS WIFE.

SECTION SECOND.

The purpose of these sketches is already manifest to the discerning reader—to rescue, if possible, from total oblivion the name and services of an obscure but eminently worthy person. Jacob Warwick was one of the pioneers who made permanent settlements in what is now Pocahontas and Bath counties Virginia and West Virginia.

It has been already stated that he commenced his business life at Dunmore; purchased Clover Lick, where he resided for a time; then moved to his immense prossessions on Jackson's river, and then returned to Clover Lick. In addition to these estates, he acquired some others equally valuable. He endowed his seven children with ample legacies, and bequeathed a com-

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Mr. Warwick was an alert and succesful Indian fighter, and had a series of conflicts, narrowly escaping with his life on several occasions; yet he was never sure of killing but one Indian. Parties now living (1891) remember seeing a tree on the lands of John Warwick, near Green Bank, where Jacob Warwick killed that Indian in single combat. It always grieved him that he had certainly sent one soul into eternity under such sad circumstances.

Owing to his accurate knowledge of the mountain regions far and near, his services were in frequent demand by land agents and governmental surveyors. He and some others went to Randolph as an escort for a land commission in the service of the colony. It was during the period when Kilbuck scouted the mountains with bands of Shawnees and Mingoes. Mr. Stuart, of Greenbrier, says: "Of all the Indians the

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At the time Mr. Warwick went over to Randolph with the commissioner, the season had been inclement, but it was believed the Indians would not be abroad. Indeed, such was their sense of security the party did not think it worth while to arm themselves upon setting out on their business. While in the lower valley about Huttonsville, however, it was reported by one Thomas Lackey, a person of somewhat questionable veracity, that he had seen fresh Indian signs. As Mr. Warwick and his party were unarmed, six citizens

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horse showed fright, thereupon his rider saw Indians, but for a moment could not speak. This attracted Mr. Warwick's attention, and upon looking in the same direction he saw the Shawnees creeping along to reach a suitable place to cut them off. He gave the alarm—"Indians! Indians!" Finding themselves discovered, the warriors fired hastily, wounding one of the party and Mr. Warwick's horse. The horse sank to the ground as if dead, but as Mr. Warwick was in the act of throwing off his cloak for flight, the horse rose and darted off at the top of his speed, and carried his rider safely home to Dunmore before night. . Those that were wounded all escaped—Jacob Warwick, Thomas Cartmill, James McClaine and Andrew Sitlington. Of those on foot, John Crouch, John Hulder and Thomas Lackey escaped. The following were killed: John McClaine, James Ralston and John Nelson. When these were attacked they were near the mouth of Windy run. One man was killed running across the bottom. Three

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Warwick, Thomas Cartmill, James McClaine and Andrew Sitlington. Of those on foot, John Crouch, John Hulder and Thomas Lackey escaped. The following were killed: John McClaine, James Ralston and John Nelson. When these were attacked they were near the mouth of Windy run. One man was killed running across the bottom. Three of the men escaped by climbing the bank where they were; two others, in looking for an easier place to get up the bank, were overtaken and scalped. Not very far from this place is the Laurel thicket where the Ohio scouts killed Colonel Washington in 1861.

The horse was found to be wounded in the thigh. The ball was extracted, and the noble animal lived long and became very valuable for useful endurance. Most of the way home, the day he was wounded, that horse carried two persons, a distance of thirty miles.

Upon a subsequent occasion he went to Randolph county. It was

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and the noble animal lived long and became very valuable for useful endurance. Most of the way home, the day he was wounded, that horse carried two persons, a distance of thirty miles.

Upon a subsequent occasion he went to Randolph county. It was night when he returned. His horse shied at something in the road, which Mr. Warwick at once recognized as the fresh husks of roasting ears.—The presence of Indians was at once suspected, and upon approaching the house cautiously, it was found that the row of cabins were burned and the premises ransacked. In their glee, the Indians had caught the chickens, picked all their feathers off and let them go. The place had been left in the care of a colored man named Sam and Greenbrier Ben, aged ten or twelve years. Sam made good his escape to the woods, but Ben hid in a hemp patch, so near

Ben, aged ten or twelve years. Sam made good his escape to the woods, but Ben hid in a hemp patch, so near the cabin that when it was burned, he could scarcely keep still, his buck-skin breeches were made so hot.—From his retreat Ben saw the Indians pick the chickens, leaving their tails and topknots, and laughed at their grotesque appearance. He saw them run the wagon into the fire, after the cabin near the spring had become a smouldering heap of coals. This wagon was the first that ever crossed the Alleghanies. It was brought from Mountain Grove, up Little Back creek, about three miles above where the Huntersville road first crosses that stream going east, then across Knapp's Spur, along by Harper's mill, then straight across to Thorny creek, through the Lightner place, past Bethel Church, to the Saunders place, on Thorny creek, thence up the ridge to the top, and then along down to the Knapp

east, then across Knapp's Spur, along by Harper's mill, then straight across to Thorny creek, through the Lightner place, past Bethel Church, to the Saunders place, on Thorny creek, thence up the ridge to the top, and then along down to the Knapp place, on Greenbrier river, thence to Clover Lick.

The most memorable event of his life, however, was his being in the expedition to Point Pleasant, under General Andrew Lewis. The march from Lewisburg to Point Pleasant, one hundred and sixty miles, took nineteen days. It is most probable that he was in the company commanded by Captain Mathews. This conflict with the Indians was the most decisive that had yet occurred.

It was fought on Monday morning, October 10th, 1774.

It is a matter of regret that the recorded history of this battle does not accord full justice to the mem-

ing, October 10th, 1774.

It is a matter of regret that the recorded history of this battle does not accord full justice to the memory of a very deserving person. It is conceded by all, so far as there is any record, that up to the time when there occurred a lull in the battle the advantage was with the Indians.—The question arises, why should a warrior, so skillful as Cornstalk, call a halt in the full tide of success, and suddenly cease firing and pressing upon a receding foe, with victory just in his grasp?

Had it not been for this, no troops could have been safely detached for a flank movement. Flank movements are only good policy for those who are pressing the enemy, and not for the retreating party. When Cornstalk ceased to press, the victory was decided in favor of the Virginians and lost to him. Had the battle been lost to our people and the army sacrificed, unspeakable dis-

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How is that lull in the battle to be accounted for, which resulted in victory to the Virginians? Dr. Foote says, in his account, which is one of the most minute and extended of all in reach of the writer, " that towards

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evening, Lewis seeing no signs of retreat, or cessation of battle, dispatched Captains Shelby Mathews and Stuart, at their request, to attack the enemies in the rear. Going up the Kanawha, under cover of the banks of Crooked creek, they got to the rear of the Indians unobserved, and made a rapid attack. Alarmed by this unlooked for assault, and thinking the reinforcements of Col. Christian were approaching, before whose arrival they had striven hard to end the battle, the savages became dispirited, gave way, and by sunset had crossed the Ohio. Col. Christian entered the camp about midnight and found all in readiness for a renewed attack."—*Second series, page* 165.

Col. Kercheval, who claims to have derived his information from Mayse and Andrew Reed, of Bath county, states on their authority,

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Col. Kercheval, who claims to have derived his information from Mayse and Andrew Reed, of Bath county, states on their authority, "that about two o'clock in the afternoon, Col. Christian arrived on the field with about five hundred men, the battle was still raging. The reinforcements decided the issue almost immediately. The Indians fell back about two miles, but such was their persevering spirit, though fairly beaten, the contest was not closed until the setting of the sun, when they relinquished the field."

There are persons yet living in Bath (1890) and the writer conversed with one, (September 1873,) almost in speaking distance of the residence where Joseph Mayse lived and died, who *are certain* that Mr. Mayse gave the credit of that cessation in battle

where Joseph Mayse lived and died, who *are certain* that Mr. Mayse gave the credit of that cessation in battle and falling back two miles on the part of the Indians, to Jacob Warwick and the persons with him.—According to Judge Warwick's statement, and the writer's impression is that Mr. Mayse's statement was emphatically confirmed by Maj. Charles Cameron, a Lieutenant in the battle, Mr. Mayse often repeated the fact that Jacob Warwick, an obscure private in the ranks, was detailed with a number of others, perhaps fifty or sixty in all to bring in a supply of meat, that rations might be supplied for a forced march to the Indian towns, as Gov. Dunmore had so treacherously given orders. These persons crossed the Kanawha about daybreak or a little before, and, while at their work in the hunting grounds and slaughter pens, they

persons crossed the Kanawha about daybreak or a little before, and, while at their work in the hunting grounds and slaughter pens, they heard the firing beyond the limits of the camp, and so far up the Ohio they supposed it to be a salute to Gov. Dunmore, who was expected at any time by the soldiers generally. But the firing continuing too long for this, it was surmised the troops were putting their arms in proper order for the contemplated march over the Ohio. Finally they suspected it was a battle. Mr. Warwick was one of the first to ascertain this to be so, and immediately rallied the butchers and hunters, in order to return to camp and join the battle.—This was noticed by the vigilant enemy, and Cornstalk was of the opinion that Colonel Christian was at hand. He ceased, in the reach of victory, and took measures to with-

enemy, and Cornstalk was of the opinion that Colonel Christian was at hand. He ceased, in the reach of victory, and took measures to withdraw from the field, unobserved by our exhausted troops. For nearly two hours they had been falling back, and when the flank movement was made to communicate with the hunters, supposed it to be Col. Christian's advance to join them. What fighting occurred afterwards, was with the rear guard of Cornstalk's retreating army of demoralized braves.

If all this be true, and considering the sources of information, the writer sees no reason to doubt its authenticity in the main, it illustrates how important results are sometimes made to depend, in the providence of God, upon fidelity to duty on the part of the most obscure, and it brings to the light the lead-

writer sees no reason to doubt its authenticity in the main, it illustrates how important results are sometimes made to depend, in the providence of God, upon fidelity to duty on the part of the most obscure, and it brings to the light the leadings of God's hand in human affairs.

This is not written in a complaining spirit, yet one feels like saying, if this be true, what a comment it furnishes on the justice meted out by the historic muse. The reputed hero of Point Pleasant appears in bronze, an honored member of the group wherein stand Jefferson, Henry and Marshall, while the humble man, whose hand turned the fortunes of that most eventful day, sleeps in his obscure grave on the west branch of Jackson's river, six miles from the Warm Springs. Were it the grave of Campbell's "Last Man," it could not be in a much less frequented place.

Marshall, while the humble man, whose hand turned the fortunes of that most eventful day, sleeps in his obscure grave on the west branch of Jackson's river, six miles from the Warm Springs. Were it the grave of Campbell's "Last Man," it could not be in a much less frequented place. Had it not been for the humble services of this man, at the opportune mement, there wou... have been no Revolution, and without that war, where would Washington and his illustrious compeers be in the annals of their country?

(*To be continued.*)

HE LEFT IT TO THE COURT.—A short time ago an old negro was up before Judge Guerry, of Dawson, charged with some trivial offense.

"Haven't you a lawyer, old man?" inquired the judge.

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Than the lily;
She is sweeter
Than the rose.

MISCELLANEOUS.

For the Greenbrier Independent.

Pioneer History.

MEMORIALS OF JACOB WARWICK AND MARY VANCE, HIS WIFE.

SECTION THIRD.

This memorial proper will be concluded by some reference to his interesting family. From what has been said of the parents, one must infer that something of especial interest could be written of the sons and daughters.

The children were all born during the period spent at Dunmore. Mrs. Rachel Cameron, the eldest, remembers when the settlers were in the fort, near her home. The fort was located near the site occupied by Col. Pritchard's mill. She was married to Charles Cameron, a descendant of the Camerons so noted in the history

the period spent at Dunmore. Mrs. Rachel Cameron, the eldest, remembers when the settlers were in the fort, near her home. The fort was located near the site occupied by Col. Pritchard's mill. She was married to Charles Cameron, a descendant of the Camerons so noted in the history of the Scottish Covenanters. He was in the battle of Point Pleasant, and was there called upon to mourn the death of three brothers—slain in that conflict. In person Maj. Cameron was of medium height, tidy in his manners, wore short clothes, very dignified in his bearing, and was never seen to smile after the heart-breaking scenes he witnessed at Point Pleasant--Tuesday, Oct. 12th, 1774. He was a Major in the Revolution and served as clerk of Bath county many years. He reared the late C. L. Francisco, Esq., for so many years clerk of Bath, as his successor. Mrs. Rachel Cameron drew

lution and served as clerk of Bath county many years. He reared the late C. L. Francisco, Esq., for so many years clerk of Bath, as his successor. Mrs. Rachel Cameron drew a very liberal pension of nine hundred dollars for many years before her death in 1858.

Her daughter Jane married William Gatewood, a native of Essex county, and a near relative of President Tyler. Their daughter Mary married Sampson Mathews. For many years their home was at Dunmore. Mr. Mathews was often spoken of as a person who bore a striking resemblance to Napoleon, in form and feature. One of their sons, Sampson L. Mathews, was a very intelligent and prominent citizen of Pocahontas, filling different positions of official trust during his life. His only child Mary married William H. McClintic, Esq., and yet lives.—

intelligent and prominent citizen of Pocahontas, filling different positions of official trust during his life. His only child Mary married William H. McClintic, Esq., and yet lives.—Her five sons were educated at Roanoke College, Salem, Va. Hunter and Withrow are enterprising young citizens of Pocahontas, George is a lawyer at Charleston, W. Va.—Edward, a business man at Seattle, State of Washington, and Lockhart is Commonwealth's Attorney for Pocahontas county.

Margaret married Adam See, a lawyer in Randolph county, and is the progenitor of the numerous and highly respected families of that name. Nancy married Thomas Gatewood, of Essex county, Va., son of William Gatewood, who married Jane Warwick, whose home was at Mountain Grove, Bath county. Thomas Gatewood lived at Marlin's Bottom, Pocahontas county. There

cahontas county.

Margaret married Adam See, a lawyer in Randolph county, and is the progenitor of the numerous and highly respected families of that name. Nancy married Thomas Gatewood, of Essex county, Va., son of William Gatewood, who married Jane Warwick, whose home was at Mountain Grove, Bath county. Thomas Gatewood lived at Marlin's Bottom, Pocahontas county. There was one son by this marriage—Andrew Gatewood. He was a person of uncommon sprightliness. He was a student at Washington College, and was regarded fully equal to his fellow student, Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, in study and oratorical talent in their academic rivalry. Her second husband was William Poage, jr., who was the grandfather

ER.

of the writer, Wm. T. Price. Andrew Gatewood, upon relinquisting all interest in Marlin's Bottom, now Marlinton, received the Glade Hill estate. Andrew Warwick, the only son that lived to be grown, married a Miss Woods, of Nelson county, Va., and resided on Jackson's river.—John Warwick, Esq., near Edray, W. Va., and Judge James W. Warwick, of Bath county, Va., are his sons. There was another son, Charles Cameron, who died at 14 years of age, while attending school in Essex county. Elizabeth Anne married Col. Wm. Woods, near Charlottesville, Albemarle county, Va. There were no children born to them. Col. Woods was one of the most prominent men and highly respected citizens of his vicinity. He and his wife were particularly kind to their nephews and neices, and did very much for a number of them.

Jacob Warwick never seemed to be conscious of his wealth or superior intelligence, and consequently

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Jacob Warwick never seemed to be conscious of his wealth or superior intelligence, and consequently never assumed any airs of superiority. When persons would call him Major it seemed to displease him, and he would say "Don't call me Major, I am nothing but Jake Warwick."—In a controversy about some land on Little Back creek, in Bath county, he challenged Col. John Baxter to fight a duel. This was about the only serious difficulty he ever had with any one. He was very much attached to Robert Gay and his family, who lived near the mouth of Stony creek. He never passed without calling for a chat. He seemed very partial to "little Johnny," and would insist on taking him home with him to the "Lick." One day "little

who lived near the mouth of Stony creek. He never passed without calling for a chat. He seemed very partial to "little Johnny," and would insist on taking him home with him to the "Lick." One day "little Johnny" told him that he was now ready to go home with him, but the old gentleman never asked him any more since he seemed so willing to go. John Warwick, Esq., when four years of age came home with his grandfather from Jackson's river.—Ben carried him on a large black mule in his arms. About noon the party stopped at Huntersville near the Lightner house, the house of John Bradshaw. He remembers seeing the hands at work upon the Court-house then in course of erection.

In person Jacob Warwick was tall, stoop-shouldered and exceedingly muscular. His grandson, the late Jacob W. See, is said to have resem-

party stopped at Huntersville near the Lightner house, the house of John Bradshaw. He remembers seeing the hands at work upon the Court-house then in course of erection.

In person Jacob Warwick was tall, stoop-shouldered and exceedingly muscular. His grandson, the late Jacob W. See, is said to have resembled him more than any one else in personal appearance. Mr. See married a daughter of the renowned Dr. George A. Baxter, and his son Chas. S. M. See is a well-known minister in Texas. Jacob W. See entered the Confederate service at an advanced age, and died in Lynchburg in one of the military hospitals. His son brought his remains to Tinkling Springs, where he was pastor of the church at the time, and had him buried.

Mrs. Warwick was a person of highly refined taste, and took all possible pains to make home attractive. In this she was encouraged by her husband. When there was

age, and died in Lynchburg in one of the military hospitals. His son brought his remains to Tinkling Springs, where he was pastor of the church at the time, and had him buried.

Mrs. Warwick was a person of highly refined taste, and took all possible pains to make home attractive. In this she was encouraged by her husband. When there was preaching or Sunday School at her house, all that were present were pressed to remain for dinner. Her table service was very elegant, and a Prince might well envy her her dinners. She had a well stored library of books in the nicest style of binding, and she made good use of them.

Having such a pleasant home it is not surprising Mr. Warwick should be so genial in his manners and enjoyed the society of kindred and friends, among whom he numbered many of the noblest spirits in Virginia. Jacob Warwick was very

table service was very elegant, and a Prince might well envy her her dinners. She had a well stored library of books in the nicest style of binding, and she made good use of them.

Having such a pleasant home it is not surprising Mr. Warwick should be so genial in his manners and enjoyed the society of kindred and friends, among whom he numbered many of the noblest spirits in Virginia. Jacob Warwick was very jovial in disposition, and extremely fond of innocent merriment. He delighted greatly in the society of children, and his gentle words and kind deeds to young people are vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife, most of his time he passed in Bath county, at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table at Major Cameron's, where the Warm Springs and Huntersville road crosses

children, and his gentle words and kind deeds to young people are vividly and affectionately remembered by all who ever knew him.

After the decease of his wife, most of his time he passed in Bath county, at the home of Major Charles Cameron. He died at the breakfast table at Major Cameron's, where the Warm Springs and Huntersville road crosses Jackson's river. When apoplexy came upon him, he was merrily twitting Miss Phebe Woods about her beau, John Beall. This occurred January 1826, when he was nearing his 83rd year. He was buried near Col. William Ervin's. When the writer visited his grave several years since, the spot seemed much neglected. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been enclosed and the grave marked by a stone. In that lonely but beautiful valley retreat the busy

writer visited his grave several years since, the spot seemed much neglected. A locust tree stood near it and marked the place. Since then it has been enclosed and the grave marked by a stone. In that lonely but beautiful valley retreat the busy man has found repose, and there

"Unheeded o'er his silent dust,
The storms of life may beat."

RISKY.—"It is very embarrassing," said the heiress to her friend. "Charley Cashgo has proposed to me and I don't know exactly how to refuse him."

"Why don't you tell him you will be a sister to him?"

"Because I just learned from one of his sisters that he is in the habit of borrowing money from her."

A FARMER who furnishes free apple-jack to his workmen will soon have his hands full.